I got up early and went for a walk. The weather was cold, though the sun had risen, and the sky was blue grey. The crickets were still singing. I walked through the paddy fields as the chilled air hit my arms and face and passed between my fingers.

Although I had put on my shoes when I left the house, my feet were becoming wet, and there were bits and pieces of grass on my ankles.

I tried not to lose my balance as I walked. The paths were narrow, and it would have been easy for me to fall and hurt myself.

Many little grey frogs were jumping out of my way, leaping into the paddies. I had been walking for maybe half an hour, and my legs were itching. There was no one around as far as I could see, and I had looked around and around. There was the mountain in the distance and the trees and a few small rustic houses.

I don’t know how far I had walked, but I started to hear water running … a stream. After I followed it, I noticed a foreign girl with a bucket, washing at the mouth of a river. She was startled, but she didn’t cover herself.

We stared at each other. I never saw a person like her in real life, only in pictures.

Her skin was like rice paper that was used to carry strawberries, and her face and nose were narrow, and she had such large eyes. Yet her pupils and hair were as dark as mine.

She called out something that I didn’t understand.

She said it again.

I started to hear raindrops hitting the ground around us, and I looked up. The foreign girl was gone when I looked down again.

The rain was falling harder. I ran and found a tree, and I waited under it until the shower finished.

When I returned home, sunlight was streaking through the shadows in the house. Father’s pen and papers were on the floor, lying next to the kerosene lamp.

The time was twenty past six, and I put some coals in the samovar, the one the Soviet Army officer gave our family for father’s translation service after liberation. It was one of the few things of ours that survived the American invasion, when mother died.

We had moved here from our city a month ago on party assignment after the war ended.

Father woke up and went through his routine, urinating behind the house, doing his morning warm-up exercises, cleaning his teeth, and washing himself with the cloth and the rainwater we collected.

I was preparing rice porridge, radish, and some bean paste from our rations, and I was thinking about the foreign girl.

Father and I didn’t talk much in the morning, which was normal for us, and we ate our food.

‘Bring my papers,’ father said shortly.
Father had been up late, preparing a lecture to enlighten the poor peasants in the village. Many of them were very backward, the men and the women, and it was not easy to teach them our party’s ideas.

‘What will you lecture about today, father?’ I asked.
‘Our united front policy and the gender equality law,’ he said. ‘Have you prepared the songs for the children?’

The Democratic Youth League had distributed children’s songbooks about General Kim Ilsong, as well as great leader Stalin, uncle Lenin, and grandfather Marx.

We walked to the village and found some peasants and their daughter arguing bitterly with the cadres. Father went to the lecture building, and I went to the primary school next door. On the wall was our people’s flag and a portrait of our leader and two others of Gorky and Pushkin, my favorite Russian writers.

‘Why were the peasants fighting?’ I inquired to father later that afternoon.
‘There was a misunderstanding, but the cadres will fix it.’
‘What happened? Is it about the arrests over the taxation policy?’
‘No, not this time. It was about the Czechoslovakians who are helping us build the machine tool factory. There was some miscommunication.’
‘Czechoslovakians?’
‘Yes. Haven’t you noticed? There is a compound not far from where we live. There are some engineers and technicians and their families, too.’

Our country was a pile of ruins, and we were still recovering. I knew about the stationing of the Chinese Volunteers and that the fraternal countries were sending aid and helping us rebuild our industries. But I didn’t know about the compound nearby.

I didn’t tell father about the foreign girl I saw, but I went back to the river several times over the next few days. She wasn’t there.

One weekend morning, though, as I was walking through the paddy fields again, I saw the back of someone sitting not too far off and looking at the mountain. I could tell it was a young woman, and I decided to meet her.
‘Good morning,’ I said to her.
She turned around and, indeed, it was the same foreign girl I saw bathing at the river.
She gazed at me recollectively and stood up.
‘Where are you from?’ I asked.
She raised her hand to her mouth, shook her head, and uttered something I didn’t understand again.
I looked at her.
‘Do you speak the international language?’ she suddenly said.
My face lit up as I heard the Russian words.
Dalenka’s father was an engineer and had been working in state industry in Prague, where he made friends with one of our People’s Army officers who was studying engineering in his country.

That is how Dalenka came here, with her engineer father and draftsman mother. They were sent to assist with the machine tool factory, which was projected to begin lathe production in the next nine months.

I found that we were both seventeen, but Dalenka had more time for herself than I did. ‘I envy you,’ I sometimes told her.
I was always busy with the Democratic Youth League and teaching the children at the primary school, but she didn’t have to do that. She studied at her compound school, helped her mother, and would write to her cousins, aunts, and uncles back home.

But Dalenka confided in me that she was not really happy. She said it was because her father was a Magyar and that this caused discrimination against her family in her home country. It is something I had no experience with, except perhaps when I was a little girl during Japanese colonial rule. I remember that I was not allowed to speak our language at school, and those of us who did would get a beating from the teachers.

I didn’t tell father that I was meeting Dalenka, nor did she tell her parents about me.

I got out of bed at twenty-four past four and needed to go out to relieve myself. I took the kerosene lamp, which kept some of the mosquitoes away.

I wasn’t able to go back to sleep, and I had an ache in my right temple. My hands and feet were hot, too.

Since I could not sleep again, I decided to go through some of father’s papers. They were mostly party documents, lecture notes, and some speeches by General Kim Ilsong. There were also our two volumes of great leader Stalin’s Selected Works, which we studied carefully.

Father didn’t have time for novels or short stories, especially after mother died from the bombs the Americans used to destroy our city with. Now, he was quiet and immersed in his work among the peasantry.

Mother loved fiction very much, and we would often go to the city library to read our favorite Russian writers. That was before the Soviet Army liberated the northern half of our country.

But I don’t remember the first nine years of my life as being too difficult, at least not like the life of the poor peasants. We lived on the east coast, where the Japanese had set up major factories.

Father had studied foreign languages in Japan a long time ago and worked for a Japanese shipping company in our city for many years. That is where he met mother, who was a secretary. He was twenty-seven, and she was nineteen. They married a year later and had me.

Our family was not rich, but we were also not poor. We lived in a small apartment, and mother stayed at home after I was born. I remember music on the radio and broadcasts about the Japanese emperor and the war in China and Manchuria and that mother told me these were all bad things, even though father worked for the company.

It was only after liberation that father and mother said they were connected to the national independence movement through mother’s cousins, and this is why father helped the Soviet Army and joined our party.

I was thinking of all this and noticed that it was no longer eight past five. I hadn’t realised an hour had gone by. The night outside was turning blue.

I was wondering what Dalenka was doing since I could not always meet her. I had to teach the children again, and my slogan for the day was ‘Ignorance means ruin!’

‘Dalenka,’ Alzo David-West.
Transnational Literature Vol. 5 no. 1, November 2012.
Some of the peasant children did not have the zeal to learn and would ask mockingly what ‘foreign grandfather’ Marx and ‘foreign uncle’ Lenin could teach them about using the ox and plow. It was an idea from their parents, who had not gone to school and many of whom were still illiterate and ignorant.

‘Mastery of these subjects is key to the success of our revolution and decisive for the success of our nation!’ I made the children recite loudly three times after I wrote it on the chalk board.

Father was lecturing. He would sometimes tell me how difficult propaganda work was and that it was frustrating to see the children’s parents fall back on bad habits as soon as they left his lectures.

‘Obsolete ideology still persists in their minds,’ he remarked. ‘A few are committed, but others want shortcuts, and some even have hostile ideology. But it is not an irresolvable problem. Marxism-Leninism teaches us that the development of our people’s consciousness lags behind economic conditions. Their minds will catch up.’

I told this to Dalenka when I saw her again. She said it was the same in her country.

Dalenka was full of unusual ideas when we would walk through the paddy fields and along the river, holding hands. One time, she said something about a world where there were no nations, no countries, no classes, just an associated world society where everyone was free and where love was free.

‘This is Marx’s and Lenin’s real view,’ she seemed to insist. ‘But nobody says it like this. Instead, we get all this heavy talk about building socialism and communism in each country separately. How can you do this? Capitalism makes it impossible. Socialism is communism, and it must be everywhere at all once after the workers of all countries have …’

‘But, Dalenka,’ I interrupted, ‘socialism and communism are distinct phases. We must build them in our country. That is what Marx and Lenin teach us. Great leader Stalin and our leader General Kim Ilsong have told us so. We Koreans will have Korea even when the whole world goes communist. It is our right to self-determination.’

Dalenka asked if she could see my house.

I would have gladly invited her, but I didn’t want to upset father. We were supposed to get permission before meeting our friends from outside.

After I told her that, she caught a frog that was about to leap into a paddy, and he urinated on her hand.
Dalenga took the whole thing in such good stride that it made me uncomfortable.

‘So he is a non-working youth like you, you mean? How irresponsible!’ I was quite upset.

‘Nothing of the sort!’ Dalenka shot back. ‘His whole family comes from the nomenclature. Very important. Don’t you know what they have arranged?’

‘What?’

‘They are giving your peasant girl a scholarship to study in Prague! It saves everyone a lot of embarrassment. And look at what she has gained … a foreign education and a baby!’

The way Dalenka said it sounded so unreal, but it was true. Within a month, the girl was shipped out with the child, and there was a lot of wailing from her parents and extended family. But I suppose it was a good thing for everyone.

‘So what do you think of the machine tool factory our engineers helped you build?’

‘Machine tool factory?’

‘Yes. It’s been in commission since yesterday.’

‘Oh, of course, for lathe production. I forgot.’

‘Well don’t forget. My father tells me that your country will be producing all sorts of things with it – not just lathes, but milling machines, gear cutting machines, shapers, and radial drilling machines.’

I knew nothing about industrial technology, and I couldn’t picture what any of these things looked like.

‘The factory is a great symbol of the friendship between our people,’ I said.

‘Yes, yes,’ Dalenka repeated. ‘The factory and that peasant girl’s baby!’

The factory was in operation for a year. A month before the anniversary, father received a letter to attend an important party conference in Pyongyang and was gone for a week. When he returned, he said there had been a lot of debate among the factions and that a central committee report was calling for exerted efforts in socialist construction, political education of party members, and eliminating the carryovers of capitalist and Japanese bureaucracy in the party and state organs.

Since father was a propagandist and agitator, he was also notified, in the winter, of serious ideological errors being committed by the factions that wanted to adopt Soviet and Chinese methods.

Great leader Stalin was falling out of favor in the Soviet Union, too, father explained, and General Kim Ilsong was very concerned about this and the problem of imitating foreign ways in our revolution.

The weather was frigid now. It felt like knives cutting my skin, whether I was inside or outside. The grass was grey under the snow.

I finally invited Dalenka to my house one weekend when father was away.

I made sure the coals in the pit under the flooring were hot so that her feet would be warm. I wished I was in my apartment with mother again.

Dalenka and I were having some hot tea I made from burnt rice. She didn’t like it much, but she was nice.

‘What do you dream about, Cholok?’ she suddenly asked.
‘My dreams? When I sleep?’
‘That’s right.’
‘I’m not sure,’ I said.
‘There must be something you remember.’
‘I … I don’t know. I have difficulty remembering them. I can’t usually remember them.’
‘Surely, there is something,’ Dalenka continued.
‘Well, I …’
She was listening with her left hand on her cheek.
‘Sometimes I see you.’
‘Me? What’s so special?’
‘I don’t know. I just started to see your face after I was told to take down the portraits of Gorky and Pushkin at the primary school.’
‘Why were you told to take them down?’
‘The league said they do not instill national pride in our school children,’ I explained, ‘so we put up pictures of our writers Han Solya and Lee Kiyong.’
‘I see.’ Dalenka drank a bit of the tea.
‘What do you dream about?’ I asked her. She didn’t hesitate to answer.
‘Bratislava. It is where I was born.’
‘So you dream about going to your hometown. I think you are homesick.’
‘I never lived there. I was just born there,’ she said matter-of-factly.
‘What could it mean then?’ I wondered aloud.
As we sat, crows began cawing in the distance outside the house, their voices echoing loudly in the winter air.

We listened to the sounds for a while. It was as if the crows were talking about something, arguing a bit, stopping and then returning to their conversation here and there until they flew away somewhere.

‘We have an expression in our language,’ I mentioned.
Dalenka was nodding her head.
‘We say “I ate a crow”; however, it means “I forgot”. I think your dream is about something you forgot.’
She tensed her forehead and smiled.

Father told me that the political situation was getting more serious with the party factions. Some of his high-ranking friends had also informed him about a special report in the Soviet Union that said the most immoral things about great leader Stalin.
The Democratic Youth League organised a meeting for our forty-three members.

There was great enthusiasm among us.
I was the only one in our branch who finished middle school, but we had all received political education, and that was the most important thing. Five of us were women.

Minjoo was the highest ranking and oldest among us, almost twenty-eight, and some of the members were fond of calling her ‘comrade auntie.’ She had joined the league nine years ago and used to be involved in the peasant movement. After liberation, she became a leader in one of the people’s committees that had formed throughout the country. She also fought in the war to defend our country. All of this
gave her a lot of valuable experience we could learn from.

Unlike the majority of the other members, Minjoo was not just a poor peasant. She descended from the very low people, and that, I think, is something that drove her. Our people’s democracy was favorable to her background.

She gave a speech.

Dear Comrade Members of the Democratic Youth League,

We are calling this meeting in session in view of urgent demands placed upon us in the course of our revolution.

Our happiness grows day by day under the guidance of the party and General Kim Ilsong, who are leading the revolution in our united front as we build socialism in our country.

We have been freed from the shackles of feudal landlordism and the rapacious claws of Japanese imperialism for over a decade now, thanks to our liberator the great Soviet Army, and our people are the masters of the land and the country.

But while we have been emancipated, our brothers and sisters in the south are under the colonial enslavement of U.S. imperialism and the tyrannical rule of the landlords, comprador capitalists, and pro-Japanese and pro-U.S. national traitors.

The working people and progressive youth in the south are subject to daily harassments, arbitrary arrests, and tortures. Their conditions are grave and wretched. They have no freedom; they are forbidden to organise; and they are starving. This is something we in the north cannot tolerate.

We have been ruled by foreign aggressors and invaded by foreign aggressors, and we do not want to be slaves again!

We must maintain the heroic fighting spirit that allowed us to defeat U.S. imperialism three years ago in the Patriotic War of Liberation.

We must consolidate our youthful efforts in helping our party and working masses build the northern half of our country as a base of democracy and socialism that will inspire the workers, peasants, working intellectuals, youth, and students in the south so that we can achieve peaceful national unification.

This is what we must do as we also address the problem of overcoming political and ideological backwardness in the struggle.

Our branch of the Democratic Youth League must consistently educate the peasants in working-class ideology and socialist patriotism and recruit many more activists from the peasantry.

We will purge all incorrect thoughts through our education and propaganda work, for political and ideological indoctrination is the most essential mission of our league and its cadres.

This year, we will be committing more efforts to the weekly study sessions in the village, at the primary school, and at the new machine tool factory to fully effect the great change in our people’s consciousness.

We will also further education in the tax collection policy and assist our security forces and public security personnel to expose the reactionaries, counterrevolutionaries, spies, and pro-Japanese and pro-U.S. elements plotting against us.

We must also improve education in our league in the creative application of Marxism-Leninism to our Korean reality. As the party teaches us, the subject of our ideological work is our Korean revolution.

‘Dalenka,’ Alzo David-West.

Transnational Literature Vol. 5 no. 1, November 2012.

We must work out our own way and not blindly follow foreign fashions. Some of our league members did not give enough emphasis to studying our own things, our own national traditions, and our own history last year, but we resolved this error quickly.

This is proof that there is no difficulty we cannot overcome. The destiny of our country and people depends upon our efforts to uphold the political and ideological stand of the party and faithfully carry out party policy through our social organization as we follow the party and General Kim Ilsong.

In conclusion, I express my conviction that you will continue to march forward and fulfill the urgent tasks of our Democratic Youth League.

Everyone stood up and started clapping. Some older party members were watching. Father was there, too.

A few days after the meeting, I met Dalenka again. She complained that there was pressure at the compound because of the international situation. I imagined this had something to do with the factions and special report, but I didn’t say anything.

Sometimes when Dalenka would talk, I wouldn’t always hear what she would say. I would just be looking at her and remembering how I first saw her.

We went for a walk in the evening, through the paddy fields.

The moon was full and bright, and everything looked pretty under the fresh snow cover. We had dressed more warmly than usual and wore our big, shaggy hats since we decided to walk to the mountain this time.

We passed by the stream and river, which were frozen over, and through a field and some rugged pathways. Sometimes we would trip over rocks hidden under the snow. There was a small steep hill that we walked down from.

Dalenka reached the bottom before me and stretched out her hand so that I wouldn’t lose my balance. She was like a big sister I never had. We stopped for a short rest and continued.

When we climbed a high hill near the foot of the mountain, we saw that the peasants had started a bonfire. There was music and dancing, and adults and children were holding hands and running in circles.

Dalenka was charmed by the sight, and we joined the peasants for a short while. Although she had been here for two years and six months now, Dalenka had not had a chance to enjoy the harvest festival our people celebrated under the first full moon of our new year.

After we danced a bit, we found a place to sit, and we felt much warmer.

We had become quite hungry from the walk and the dance. I brought out some bits of dried fish from my coat pocket, and Dalenka brought out what I first thought were two rice cakes. She said they were made from flour, and we shared our food.

‘Dalenka,’ I said.
‘Yes, Cholok.’
‘We had a league meeting some days ago.’
‘Don’t you have them regularly?’
‘We do, but it was different this time.’
Dalenka nodded as she was eating her dumpling.
‘Our chairwoman was very passionate,’ I continued.
‘Why shouldn’t she be? Wasn’t she in your anti-Japanese and anti-American
resistance?’
‘Yes, but it’s not that. Something is changing. I shouldn’t be telling you, but … father said something about a special report in the Soviet Union that criticised great leader Stalin. Do you know anything about this?’
‘I don’t,’ Dalenka said. ‘I only know that he was very cruel.’
‘What?’ I was confused to hear this.
‘You have so much admiration for him, I know, and you follow his ideas very well.’
‘What is this about cruelty, Dalenka?’
She was silent for a moment.
‘He had too much power, Cholok. He didn’t know how to use it.’
My body was shaking, though not from the cold. I could feel in my heart that Dalenka was not lying, but I couldn’t accept what she said.
‘Cholok, let us change the subject. It is a nice evening, and the festival is beautiful.’
My heart was beating heavily.
I was in my room at the house later that evening, looking at the wooden ceiling obscured in shadow. Father was up with the kerosene lamp, writing another lecture.
I was thinking about my childhood after liberation and why I joined the league when I was fifteen. That is the time mother died.
I joined because we were liberated and because father told me that being a member would have made mother proud. So I did, and I read everything father read, and I studied everything father studied, and I believed in it, too. I still do.
My thoughts turned to Dalenka, and I felt like I was sinking. I fell asleep.

I was teaching the children at the primary school again, and I noticed that some of the Czechoslovakian engineers, technicians, and their families were walking through the village with a couple of party cadres. The peasant children ran to the door and window of the school and were waving and shouting out to our foreign friends.
I got the boys and girls to sit down and not make such a scene. I noticed Dalenka pass by, but I pretended that I didn’t see her.
I was giving a test, and that was more important. The children resumed writing with their dipping pens.
Their attitudes were getting better, though there will still a few troublemakers. Maybe things were better because I was giving more attention to our national traditions, as the party and league had emphasised.
While I continued to teach about great leader Stalin, Lenin, and Marx, and our liberator the Soviet Army, I was now devoting more class time to General Kim Ilsong and the anti-Japanese fighters, as well as to our patriotic ancestors of Koguryo, Koryo, and Choson, who safeguarded our nation from foreign invasions.
There was a lot for the children to learn, but it was their duty and mine, too.
When teaching finished that afternoon, I sat in the empty classroom, looking at the empty desks. I thought about myself as a little girl. I scratched my right cheek and felt a pimple.
Sometime later, I met father, and we walked home together. He seemed more fatigued than usual.

‘Dalenka,’ Alzo David-West.
Transnational Literature Vol. 5 no. 1, November 2012.
‘Is everything okay?’ I asked.
‘Ah, yes. Just tired. That’s all.’
‘What did you lecture about today?’
‘Oh, it was about our party’s agricultural policy. Some of the peasants claim land, abandon it, and reclaim other land to avoid agricultural tax in kind. It’s a headache and doesn’t help our postwar recovery or expansion of the socialist sector.’
‘The party cadres need to give the peasants more guidance,’ I said.
‘It’s a problem of insincere guidance, Cholok. Not everyone is as committed as we are. We are also seeing more rich peasants now and the growth of private economy.’
‘But we had our land reform, and our propaganda work is stronger.’
‘I have been doing this for many years, daughter. Not everyone is really interested in the system we are building. They just pretend. Meanwhile, we do what we must.’

I was reading Goryky’s novel *Mother* and was now at the closing scene, the one in which Mother was distributing leaflets at the train station.

Why didn’t the people do anything? I sometimes thought.

Mother was so old, yet the gendarmes pushed her and beat her, on her shoulders, on her head, but she didn’t give up, even as they choked her to death.

There was a great lump in my throat when I spoke out the words ‘They can’t kill my spirit – my living spirit!’ and ‘Not even an ocean of blood can drown the truth!’

The Democratic Youth League had assigned me to read the novel to the workmen at the machine tool factory as part of our intensified weekly study sessions, and we finished the fifty-eight chapters in twenty-nine days.

The reaction from the workers was mixed. Some of them were furious that the gendarmes could do such a thing to an old woman. Others blamed her son Pavel for being immoral and getting his old mother involved in an illegal movement. One worker said it was a stupid story and a waste of time.

Those last words created a lot of excitement, and the young men started arguing among themselves, standing up, pointing fingers, and raising their voices at each other.

I watched them for a little while and finally asked everyone to calm down. I was the only woman at the study session and much younger, but they listened to me.

I said we must not miss the point of the story, and I turned to the chapter where Pavel spoke in court.

*We hold that a society which looks upon the individual as nothing but a means of making others rich is inhuman and hostile to our interests. We cannot accept its false and hypocritical system of morality. We denounce the cynicism and cruelty of its attitude toward the individual. We want to fight and will fight against all the forms of physical and moral slavery enforced on the individual by such a society, against all means of crushing human beings in the interests of selfish greed. We are workers, people by whose labor all things are made, from children’s toys to massive machines; yet we are people deprived of the right to defend our human dignity. Anyone is able to exploit us for his own personal ends. At present, we want to achieve a degree of freedom that will eventually enable us to take all power into our own hands. Our*
slogans are simple enough: ‘Down with private property!’ ‘All means of production in the hands of the people!’ ‘All power in the hands of the people!’ ‘No one exempt from work!’ You can see from this that we are not mere rebels!

‘Older brothers,’ I said, ‘this is what we want to achieve … so that we can have dignity as Koreans, as human beings, as workers.’

We finished for the evening, and the men went home.

I got up early again and decided to go for a walk. The spring weather was still a bit cold in the mornings, but I could bear it with my light jacket and skirt.

I had not planned to meet Dalenka, but as I walked through the paddy fields, I saw her sitting at the place where we first talked.

She was looking at the mountain once more.

I was feeling a little strange around her now. I am not quite sure why. Things were changing.

‘Good morning, Dalenka,’ I said as I approached her.

‘Cholok,’ she turned around. ‘How nice to see you. We haven’t seen each other in a few weeks now.’

‘Yes. I’m sorry. League work has been in the way.’

‘Come. Sit next to me,’ she said.

I didn’t know what to say, and I looked at the mountain with her for a few minutes.

‘So,’ Dalenka started, ‘how are you and your father these days?’

‘We are okay,’ I answered. ‘Father is a little tired now, though, and I have more responsibilities at the primary school and machine tool factory.’

‘Doesn’t the factory look wonderful?’ she remarked. ‘What have you been doing there?’

‘Study sessions with the workers. We read Gorky’s Mother recently.’

‘That’s nice. We read it in Czechoslovakia, too. I never really liked it.’

Dalenka’s words reminded me of the factory worker.

‘What do you mean?’ I asked.

‘Don’t you think it’s a great and inspiring work?’

‘This is what we are taught, isn’t it? Gorky is too sentimental for me. That’s all.’

We were silent again for a moment. The wind was blowing through the trees ahead of us. They looked like waves.

‘Cholok,’ Dalenka started again, ‘I have something to tell you.’ I was listening. ‘My family and I, we are leaving.’

I felt an involuntary movement on my face.

‘I thought you would stay until summer,’ I responded.

‘Some specialists will stay, but we are finished. That’s what my parents told me. I wanted to let you know.’

I couldn’t help myself and started to cry. Dalenka didn’t say anything.

My face was wet with tears. Suddenly, Dalenka did something I didn’t expect.

She held my hands, hugged me, and kissed my lips.

She said she would write to me, but I never heard from her again.

Many years later, long after father had died and our country had changed and
no one studied Marxism-Leninism anymore, I visited a bookshop and saw one of our magazines published for foreigners. There was a story about the machine tool factory and how we built it by our own efforts after the patriotic war.

I still think of the paddy fields and how I saw Dalenka at the river.